Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny, I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*, or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon; thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honour: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honour preciſe; I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, & your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good, maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies; I my ſelfe dwell with Maſter Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Miſtris *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true; *I* pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. *I* warrant thee, no-bodie heares; mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, *I* pray——

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it; you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull; the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; *I* warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, *I* warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant tearmes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and *I* warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her; *I* had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but *I* deſie all Angels in

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